

STANLEY'S REAR COLUMN.

We publish to-day a letter from Mrs. Jameson, containing Mr. Jameson's own account of his presence and conduct at the cannibal feast; also the text of Mr. Bonny's Official Report, and of his letter to Sir Walter Bartolot, respecting Major Bartolot's death and the proceedings of the Rear Column.

MR. JAMESON'S OWN STORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—As the Emin Relief Committee appear to consider that the duty of publishing my late husband's refutation of the cruel charge made against him by Assad Farran (which charge, long ago withdrawn, Mr. Stanley has now thought fit to bring forward again) devolves upon me, I would ask you to insert in to-morrow's issue of *The Times* the documents annexed, consisting of a letter from my husband to Sir William (then Mr.) Mackinnon of August 3, 1888, so far as it relates to this horrible charge, and Assad Farran's retraction, dated September 25, 1888.

I will only add that my poor husband died within a fortnight of the date of his letter, and therefore had no opportunity of taking the further steps to clear his character which he, at the time, contemplated.

Yours faithfully,

ETHEL JAMESON.
59, Sussex-gardens, Nov. 14.

“ Stanley Falls, Aug. 3, 1888.

“ William Mackinnon, Esq., President of the Committee to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

“ Sir,—As you will see by Major Bartolot's letter, Assad Farran, the dismissed Arabic interpreter, has written the most false and cruel statements about me after leaving Yambura camp. As an officer of this expedition, it is my bounden duty to you to clear my character from such statements. I tell you now the simple narrative of the whole matter, which, much as it shocked me at the time, I little dreamt could be turned to such a use against me. My whole time since my arrival here has been taken up with the affairs of the expedition, and I have not had a moment to get the necessary papers signed by witnesses of everything mentioned by Assad Farran before a Belgian officer, as I mean to do, and forward them to you.

“ The facts of the case are these. On my return journey from Cosongo, the day after our arrival at Rika-Rika, the chief sent for me, and on arriving at his house I witnessed a very curious dance, performed by some Watusi slaves. He informed me that these people, having had a number of deaths amongst them, had gone away into the bush for two months, where no one had seen them, and returned to-day, having finished their medicine-making. Tipoo Tib, who was at the house, said:—“ This dance is generally followed by a lot of people being eaten, and told me a lot of cannibal stories. I laughed at him, saying that since I had been in the country I had heard many such stories, but did not believe them. Another Arab present, who had been very kind to me on my way to Cosongo, then told me another horrible story, which I told him flatly I did not believe could happen in any country in the world. He, laughing, said, “ Give me a bit of cloth and see.” I only thought this another of their plans for getting something out of me, and, having some cloth of my own, as he had been kind to me, sent my boy for a small piece of six handkerchiefs, which I gave him. Then followed the most horrible scene I ever witnessed in my life, and Assad Farran even here cannot help lying. The whole thing happened so quickly that, had I wished, I could not have sketched it, and I had nothing with me to sketch with, they all being in my house. The small sketches I made were done in the evening afterwards in my own house. The girl never looked for help, for she seemed to know it was her fate, and never stirred hand or foot or head, except when she had to move to the place for execution. How the girl was obtained I do not yet know, but will send you all particulars signed by witnesses, as promised.

“ Assad Farran openly boasted that he had swindled the British Government out of £300 in the hiring of camel drivers at Stakin, and told me on the road to Cosongo that he had had a good chance there. When I asked him what it was, he told me that whoever was then in command had stopped all gambling, but he knew of places where it still went on. If he found out any soldier inclined to gamble with plenty of money, he used to take him to one of these places and watch who won most, then he would slip out, get a policeman, and point out to him the man, upon which there would be a general rush, the policeman catching the man with the money, and Assad and he divided the spoils. I told Assad that he was nothing better than a low informer and thief, that an English or American man would lynch him, and the fewer of these stories he told about himself the better, or he would certainly be punished.

“ It is a low brute like this whose word the Belgian officers take, and who is allowed to try and destroy my character. I will write to you more fully on this subject when sending you the necessary papers.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
“ JAMES S. JAMESON.”